

The Plattsmouth Daily Herald.

KNOTTS BROS., Publishers & Proprietors.

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ONLY three months of congress and then the republican party, having had three years of rest, will resume business at the old stand.

The President's message was given to the press yesterday and it occupies a full page in this morning's papers. It is too long, so we will have to omit it as we have not the force to set it up or room for it. We will give extracts from it from time to time.

The White Caps, who have maintained a reign of terror in Indiana for so long have crossed the border and are now committing outrages in Ohio. We shall see if the governor of the Buckeye State proves as apathetic in the matter of suppressing this lawless gang as did the governor of Indiana.

It is said that President-elect Harrison is in favor of some scheme for the conversion of the outstanding 4 and 4 1/2 per cent bonds into bonds bearing a lower rate interest. Two or three such schemes, and all of them advantageous to the Government as well as to bondholders, have been proposed within the last two years, but the democrats did not take any of them up for fear the consideration of that question would divert attention from their scheme of "tariff reform." The republicans will probably find time to reform both the tariff and the finances within the lifetime of the Fifty-first Congress.

The Russian government has failed in the attempt to negotiate a loan. Russia is almost the only nation in Europe that cannot be accommodated with funds on application to the Rothschilds. Thus far the great capitalists have absolutely refused to loan money to the government of the Czar, and as a consequence the bonds of the government have gone begging all over the world. The resources of the country are not sufficient to meet the expenses of an extravagant court and an enormous army, and the imperial treasury is bankrupt, without any prospects of betterment in the near future. Equity.

The captain spoke to them at first very moderately. He explained to them what were the rules of war. He told them that the mere expiration of a given time could not absolve an enlisted man from his allegiance. Any open opposition to constituted authority before they were regularly discharged would be mutiny; and such mutiny could not be quelled the efficiency of the service would be destroyed. Then he appealed to their patriotism. Would they back out and sneer away just as an opportunity was offered to face the enemy?

Finally, the captain told them he would go and see the commodore and explain the matter to him; and the men went forward, swearing that they would never return to duty, let come what would. When the captain's boat was ready he asked me to accompany him, as the first demonstration of mutiny had been made to me. We found the commodore just sitting down to dinner, and he invited us to join him; and while the meal was in progress the captain told his story. Porter listened very attentively, and at his conclusion he said, with a smile: "All right, captain. I will come on board during the afternoon and see if I can straighten things out for you."

After this the commodore turned the conversation upon other subjects, and when we had eaten, and smoked our pipes, we returned to our vessel. And Commodore Porter was not far behind us. At 2 o'clock he came on board, accompanied by a lieutenant and twenty marines. His first move was to direct the crew to be mustered aft; and while this was being done the marines were drawn up on the starboard side of the quarterdeck in two ranks—the crew mustering upon the opposite side. When all was quiet the commodore advanced from his position against the taff rail and addressed our men.

"Look ye, my men," he said in his abrupt, authoritative way, "I am informed that some of you refuse to do duty. You know very well that you can't be discharged today. The thing is impossible, and the good of the service will not permit that you shall refuse to obey your officers. As the roll is called those who are not willing to do further duty will, in answer to their names, go forward to the forecabin. The others will remain as they are." The steward commenced to call the roll, with a pause after each name. Two, at least, of those who had appeared at the gangway answered to their names without moving. At length the name of Louis Basard was called and he went forward, and when he started these other two, who had tremblingly hesitated, followed.

SING TO ME. Out of the silence wake me a song Beautiful, soft and low; Let the loveliest music sound along And wing each note with a wail of woe. Am and doer, As his lips last year, Out of the silence wake me a hymn, Whose sounds are like shadows soft and dim. Out of the stillness of your heart— A thousand songs are sleeping there— Wake me a song, thou child of art! The song of a hope in a last despair, Dark and low, A chant of woe, Out of the stillness, tone by tone, Cold as a snowflake, low as a moan. Out of the darkness flash me a song, Brightly dark and darkly bright; Let it sweep as a lone star sweeps along The typical shadows of the night. Sing it sweet, Where nothing is drier or dark or dim, And earth song soars into heavenly hymn. —Father Ryan.

NIPPING A MUTINY.

Our gunboat lay in the Mississippi, attached to Porter's flotilla, and I was acting as chief engineer. Our captain was a volunteer officer, an excellent sailor and a brave man, and if he had a fault it was that of over-indulgence to his crew. Said crew was a motley collection, made up almost entirely of rivermen—flat boatmen, raftsmen, landing porters and longshoremen of all kinds—and too many of them were of a disposition to take advantage of kindness. They had no conception of duty, save that which was forced upon them, and they had evidently shipped with the impression that they would have but little work and little danger.

We were on the eve of stirring events. Word had come to us that we were to run the batteries of Vicksburg; and we knew there was warm work in store for us at Grand Gulf. One morning, upon going to the fireroom, I found that two of the stokers, who should have been on duty, were absent; and, upon making inquiry, I heard that they had refused to do any more work. I called them to me, and asked what they meant. One of them—an ill-favored fellow, who had shipped at New Orleans—answered me that his time was out, and that he wanted his discharge. I informed him that, according to the rules of war, he must continue to do his duty until his discharge was received. He laughed at me, and said he would like to see me make him work after his time was out.

I observed that quite a number of the crew had followed my stokers to the door of the fireroom; and, from the glances which were exchanged, I was satisfied that the defection was not confined to my department. I sought the captain and told him what had transpired. "I know it," he said, nervously. "Nearly half the crew have refused to do further duty, and demand to be paid off and set on shore. They have not yet spoken with me, but I expect their every moment."

While we were conversing, the officer of the deck came into the cabin and informed the captain that a number of the crew had assembled in the gangway and demanded to see him. He rose, buckled on his sword and went out. In the board-gangway were about twenty of the men, headed by Louis Basard. He was dressed in a blue uniform. As the captain and I stepped forward, he said he had been chosen to speak for his companions. He wanted to understand that there was no particular leader in this business, but that the terms of enlistment of forty-two of the men had expired, and they desired to be paid off and set on shore.

The captain spoke to them at first very moderately. He explained to them what were the rules of war. He told them that the mere expiration of a given time could not absolve an enlisted man from his allegiance. Any open opposition to constituted authority before they were regularly discharged would be mutiny; and such mutiny could not be quelled the efficiency of the service would be destroyed. Then he appealed to their patriotism. Would they back out and sneer away just as an opportunity was offered to face the enemy?

Finally, the captain told them he would go and see the commodore and explain the matter to him; and the men went forward, swearing that they would never return to duty, let come what would. When the captain's boat was ready he asked me to accompany him, as the first demonstration of mutiny had been made to me. We found the commodore just sitting down to dinner, and he invited us to join him; and while the meal was in progress the captain told his story. Porter listened very attentively, and at his conclusion he said, with a smile: "All right, captain. I will come on board during the afternoon and see if I can straighten things out for you."

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When the roll was finished forty men had gone to the forecabin, and there they stood, dogged and determined—at least so they tried to appear, though it was very evident that some of them wished they were safely out of the scrape, for there was danger to them in the look of the eagle-eyed chief. The commodore caused the marines to be drawn up across the waist, facing forward, and when this had been done he ascended the gangway ladder and turned towards the forecabin. "Now, my men, I want you to return to your duty. Those who are willing to do so may lay aft. Marines, attention! Ready! Aim!"

The marines cocked their rifles, and brought them to their shoulders, the muzzles pointing closely huddled pack upon the forecabin. Most of the mutineers paled and trembled. This was worse than running the batteries of Vicksburg. "Look ye," pursued the commodore drawing out his watch. "I will give you just one-half minute—not one second—of your crew who refuses to do duty shoot him on the spot!"

Porter put up his watch and stepped down. "Captain," said he, as he came upon the quarterdeck, "I have an order for you, and I will assume all responsibility in event of its execution. The first man of your crew who refuses to do duty shoot him on the spot!"

But our captain had no call for turning his pistol against his own men. They had discovered what mutiny really meant, and had no desire to experiment therein again—at least while the broad pennant of Commodore Porter was in sight.—New York World.

Necessity of Thorough Ventilation. If a single ounce of cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the chamber with smoke that one can hardly breathe, although there is but a single ounce of foreign matter in the air. Should an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air would be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there could be an open door or window for it to escape. If the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed by the cotton burning are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have each lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping. For while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the bodies are absorbed into the lungs as well as into the pores of the skin. A less more thoughtfulness would be shown upon every one the importance and necessity of having sleeping quarters well ventilated. Air should be admitted in not only ordinary, but whilst we are asleep. Another very important item of the health of our beds is that every morning after getting up the sheets, blankets and other coverings should not be rearranged without being left about for a few hours. It would be of advantage if they could be aired for that space of time. This may seem a trifle, but trifles make up the sum of our health, comfort and existence.—Herald of Health.

The Cure of Angina Pectoris. Angina pectoris (agony of the breast) carries off many people, the last of whom according to the newspapers, was a novelist, Rev. E. P. Roe, who expired one day because of its crushing agony. Dr. Gen. George B. McClellan (according to the published reports of the time) likewise succumbed after twenty-four hours of inconceivable pain. Just how these patients were treated I am unable to say, but Dr. Richardson, of London, long before Gen. McClellan's death had received a prize of \$5,000 from the Academy of Medicine in Paris for having discovered an almost infallible remedy for angina pectoris by his administration in very small doses of 1-100 to 1-25 of a grain of nitro-glycerine! This discovery entitles Dr. Richardson to the never ending gratitude of every suffering man, woman or child afflicted with angina pectoris. I know a number of persons who always carry tablets of nitro-glycerine with them, and I am equally certain that all these people, by the use of nitro-glycerine, are living in comparative comfort, who would otherwise have fallen under the insupportable torture of that form of heart neuralgia, the most dreadful of all pains.—Dr. Montrose A. Pallen in Belford's Magazine.

Dumas and the Cabman. My father had inherited from my grandfather remarkable strength, of which I had the first experience when I was 14 or 15 years of age. One Sunday he had taken me to the Gymnasium. At the end of the play it rained in torrents. He moved toward a fiacre stationed on the boulevard and signaled me to follow him. He gave an address to the cabby, who stood upright beside his vehicle, into which we prepared to mount. The coachman put his hand on the door, saying: "I don't move a step for less than five francs for the journey." "Will you not move?" "No." "Once, twice, thrice." Cabby did not respond, but remained with his hand on the door. Then my father seized him round the waist, lifted him up from the ground, and planting him on the seat said, "Go now." Then taking his place in the cab, he said: "Bear in mind always how to do with an obstinate coachman. I have never put it in practice—not that cabmen have become more civil, but that other things are different.—Alexandre Dumas fils.

Fast Time in the Mountains. Another engineer has been discovered on the Union Pacific road who has a reckless passion stuck in his heaving breast for fast running. His territory extends from Evanston to Ogden, seventy-five miles, and it is about the roughest bit of road on the entire system. The track winds through deep canyons, shoots over high precipices, darts in and out of dark holes, is full of short curves, and dangerous places, but the "Flying Dutchman," as this engineer is called, makes the run, including all stops, in thirty minutes.—Omaha Herald.

When dread disease, with iron band, Hangs its dark mantle over thee, Escape its all-enslaving band, Gith Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures coughs, colds, and consumption if taken in time. Of druggists.—Men are but the whiskers on the chesnut known as life.—Lincoln Journal.

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Send your job work to the HERALD office. Wool boots with rubbers reduced to \$2.00 at Sherwood's mens articles only 85c at Sherwood's, sold elsewhere for \$1.25.

What Am I To Do? The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furled, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

The standard remedy for liver complaint is West's Liver Pills; they never disappoint you. 30 pills 25c. At Warrick's drug store.

Everything necessary for furnishing a house can be purchased at H. Boeck's.

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- COUNTY OFFICERS. Treasurer, D. A. CAMPBELL; Sheriff, BIRD CRITCHFIELD; County Recorder, JOHN M. LEYDA; County Judge, J. E. RUSSELL; Board of Supervisors, A. B. TODD, CHM.

- CIVIC SOCIETIES. (JASS LODGE No. 146, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening of each week. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. PLATTSMOUTH ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F., meets every Friday evening in each month in the Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are invited to attend. TRIO LODGE No. 84, A. O. U. W., meets every alternate Friday evening at K. of P. Hall. Visiting brothers are respectfully invited to attend. F. J. Morgan, Master; Workman, E. P. Brown, Foreman; G. B. Kemser, Overseer; R. A. Tapp, Financier; G. F. Houseworth, Recorder; M. Maybright, Receiver; D. B. Smith, Past M. W.; I. N. Bowen, Guide; J. J. Kunz, Inside Watch.

- (JASS CAMP No. 332, MODERN WOODMEN of America, meets second and fourth Monday evening at K. of P. Hall. All transient brothers are requested to meet with us. J. A. Newcomer, Venerable Consul; G. F. Niles, Friday Visitor; S. C. Wilde, Banker; W. A. Joeck, Clerk. PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 8, A. O. U. W., meets every alternate Friday evening at Rockwood hall at 8 o'clock. All transient brothers are respectfully invited to attend. L. S. Larson, M. W.; F. Boyd, Foreman; S. C. Wilde, Recorder; Leonard Anderson, Overseer.

- PLATTSMOUTH LODGE No. 6, A. F. & A. M., meets on the first and third Mondays of each month at the Masonic Hall. All transient brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. J. G. RICHIEY, W. M. WM. HAYS, Secretary. NEBRASKA CHAPTER, No. 3, R. A. M., meets second and fourth Tuesday evening of each month at Mason's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. WM. HAYS, Secy. M. T. ZION COMMAN-DARY, No. 5, K. T., meets first and third Wednesday night of each month at Mason's hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. WM. HAYS, Rec. F. E. WHITE, E. C. (JASS COUNCIL No. 1022, ROYAL ARCANUM of the second and fourth Mondays of each month at Arcanum Hall. R. N. GLENN, Regent. P. C. MINOR, Secretary.

- PLATTSMOUTH BOARD OF TRADE President, Robt. B. Windham; 1st Vice President, A. B. Todd; 2nd Vice President, Wm. Neville; Secretary, F. Herrmann; Treasurer, F. B. Guthman; DIRECTORS: J. C. Riskey, E. E. White, J. C. Patterson, J. A. Conner, E. Eison, C. W. Sherman, E. Gorder, J. V. Weckbach. MCCONNIE POST 45 C. A. R. ROSTER: J. W. JOHNSON, Commander; O. S. TWISS, Senior Vice; F. A. BATES, Junior; HENRY STRIGHT, Adjutant; MALON DIXON, Officer of the Day; CHARLES FORD, Officer of the Guard; ANDERSON FRY, Sergeant Major; JACOB GOBBELMAN, Quarter Master; G. CURTIS, Post Chaplain; Meeting Saturday evening.

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PUSH WRAPS

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